

without other material.

The career of Dana was begin and defined before the present age of specialists in science began, and he belongs to a period of American life not likely ever to be a period of American life not likely ever to be a period of American life not likely ever to be a period of American life not likely ever to be a period of American life not likely ever to be a period of the product of the was a man of thorough training in several departments of knowledge, and instead
of being able to devote hemself to one line
of research and teach one subject he was
too often compelled to pursue several different branches of knaming, with poor
pay for his work. Thus it came about
that almost every American scientist of

"Jesus Christ and the Social Question"
is a book by Francia Greenwood Peabody
professor of Christian morals in Harvard
University. The sub-titie is "An Examination of the teaching of Jesus in its relation to some of the problems of modern
social life." and this indicates quite clearity the character of the work.

The book is scholarly and thoughtful that almost every American scientist of not helped in fullding up some particular college, with which his name is inseparably associated, and Dana's, as all the world knows, is associated with yells.

for himself at the age of twenty-five:

for himself at the age of twenty-five:

"Soon after the explorer came home, his father rea, ranged his business, and James, who had prudently saved the most of his compensation while at sea, made an lay stment in the store at Utica, of which his brother George became the manager. * * Notwithstrading this partial provision for the future, and his annual compensation (II,440) from the expedition, it was necessary to look forward. His future career was still uncertain, quite as it was when he returned from a cruise on the Miditerranean. Where could he look for a student of nature were very few, either in the colleges or museums of the country or in the service of the Government. *

"For a while he dwelt in Washington and positive and irksome restrictions as to the employment of his time. He found there little scientific companhaship. The Smithsonian Institution was not then founded; there were no lational museums of importance. There was a dearth of books. * *

There is no indication that Washington society cared in the least to see the traveler or to hear his story. * *

At one time (in 1846) Dana was requested, if not ordered, to live in Washington while preparing his reports. It is perfectly absurd, he writes to a friend, "that I should be able to prepare my reports in a city where there are no books!"

If Washington was uncongenia at-possibler for the voung geologist how.

If Washington was uncongenial atroad near Lee, Mass., when the latter stopped to examine what appeared to be a granite rock. A countryman came by and stopped to remark:

Prof. Dana replied that it was a kind of granite, whereupon the countryman

came out with the information. Well, it effervesces with acid, any-

the countryman was right. But the idea of a man unable to speak grammatical English understanding the properties of limestone well enough to know that it would "effervesce with acid" might well stagger a scientist unacquainted with the aliar population of certain sections of

The great bugbear of the scientist of the forties was theology. Some of the arguments used against even so mild an apostate as Dana seem funny enough in the light of latter-day revisions of the creeds.

"Some of the orthodox claimed that "Some of the orthodox claimed that marine fossils, found on lofty summits remote from seas, were evidences of the universal deluge. It was even suggested by one person that they were placed there by the devil to confound the wise. When Dana and his wife were at Saratoga in 18st they listened to a sermon which contained statements never forgotten and often referred to in future years. The clergyman declared that the world was created a plain, and that all mountains were the result—he did not explain in what manner—of Adam's fail! A celebrated Presbyterian clergyman of New

ared a piain, and that all mountains were the result—he did not expiain in what manner—of Adam's fail! A celebrated Pressbyterian clergyman of New York, in a lecture before a theological seminary, which one of his hearies now distinctly recalls, made this same declaration that the upheaval of mountains was a consequence of the fail of man. Another minister asserted that the dislocation of the rocks occurred at the Crucifixton.

'In January, 1857, Prof. Dana made lecturing tour for the first and only time. Writing from Utica, he says:

'Last evening, at George's I read my other lecture to the families and a few others, by special request, and had the pariors hung with the legs and bones of the various wild beasts of which the lecture treats. All passed off satisfactorily, they say, Mr.—of the Dutch Church, was present. After I had finished, sus questions showed him to be quite a heretic. He was quite sure that there was no death in the world until the sin of Adam. The tigers could not have given way to their fisch cating propensities until the fail.

'Writing later from Buffalo, on the same trip, Dana adds:

'I understand that — said that if science shows that animals died before Adam's fail the Bible all goes to naught. Funny that the sin of Adam should have killed those old trilobites! The blunderbuss must have kicked back into time at a tremendous rate to have hit those poor innocents and their associates. Give the trilobites a chance to speak and they would correct many a false dogma in theological systems!'

The notion that there was no death in the world before the fall of Adam seems to have been rather widely spread among orthodox people, and is probably due to the teachings of Milton rather than of

that containing Dana's correspondence and nearly every other scientific man of

nais, and records of his personal relaman, or that he was even so far a skep- len's "Reign of Law" is dictured as dis-

tic as Huxley. He was a member of the A "Life of James Dwight Dana" by church, and his religious life, though un-Daniel C. Gilman, President of Johns estentations, was not less sincere. He Hopkins University, has appeared, and reconciled religion and science to his own Hopkins University, has appeared, and will be a welcome addition to most school and college 'thraries and many private collections. With the bographies of Huxley, Parkman and others, which have appeared within the last few years, the histographic for the was too thoroughly absorbed it, his work, and in later life his health was in tory of nineteenth century science and too precarious a condition to leave him exploration might almost be made up strength for any unnecessary exertion.

"Jesus Christ and the Social Question

arably associated, and Dana's, as all the world knows, is associated with Yale.

This lifegraphy is made up largely of extracts from his letters and journals. It is stated that he was occupied rather in occanography than in geology, spending much of his time on the high seas, in vestigating the various forms of life and formations of rock on the shores and among the islands of the sea; and his letters during with this period of his life cannot full to be interesting to almost forms of industry. This assertion seems ters dealing with this period of his life exist without the help of the specialized campody. It was not until he was thirty years old that his connection with Yale College was so much as thought of, and an extract from the account of his life at about this time plainly shows the difficulties and disadvantages under which the scientist in America had to labor dur-ing the first half of the nineteenth cen-founding supplied their own economic tury. It is also instructive reading for wants and also sold articles of their manthe callow graduate who thinks, and ufacture to the world outside. Their com-whose friends think, that he is wasting munity is simply a nicely arranged syshis life because he does not step into tem of specialization with the family left some lucrative position or make a name out of it. The old-time monastic communities were much the same, and so far from being dependent on the industrial system of the countries where they ex isted, they often were the protectors and conservators of all the higher forms of

The great trouble with the community is not its industrial system, but the funda-mental principles of human nature, which absolutely demands something besides heaven to absorb its energies and con-templation. It seems to have been or-dained by the Creator that man should work for himself and a woman, forever and ever, amen." At any rate, that is the way he does.

strong and consistent protest against the present extremely lax and irregular coniltion of marriage laws and social con entions in regard to this thing. He puts ousliness when he points out that mar-riage is not supposed to be a state of deasure, but of drty, and that neither perty can expect to find in it all the de-lights of the world without any responsi-bilities. There is no use, he thinks, in trying to reform mankind by making livorce enky, so long as people are not taught that it is their business to control themselves. In this he is probably right. It is no doubt better to be honestly vicious, if such a thing is possible, than to be vicious and pretend to virtue, but no sever, he had little to complain of in New Haven. A curious incident recorded by one of his old applies snows the keen interest which even the country people often took in matters of science. He and often took in matters of science. He and often took in matters of science. He and often took in matters of science are and often took in matters of science. He and often took in matters of science are as for a woman to include himself in Prof. Dana were riding along a country as for a woman to include himself in road near Lee. Mass., when the latter all the vice which goes by the name of pleasure, and he is likely to find, when the time comes that makes it necessary and desirable for him to reform, that he does "You call that there rock limestone, ont you?"

not want to be reformed; it is too much trouble. If divorce were made impossible and all women were absolutely virtutoday, matters would not be made straight as long as all the men felt themselves free to go to the other extreme. Prof. Peabody takes very much this view of the matter, though he does not put it it so many words. Without going into any rhapsodies over the influence of good women, he makes it plain that both the man and the woman are responsible for the effectiveness of marriage. (New York The Macmillan Company.)

"The Influence of Christ in Modern Life," by Newell Dwight Hillis, is less scholarly and more homlietic in its style than the foregoing book, but its general conclusions are much the same. Dr. Hillis is optimistic. He believes that the Christian world is on the eve of what may be called a creative period in religion, when men will stop analyzing and have faith. He says some things about the old creeds which would have caused him to be turned out of the Presbyterian Church fifty years ago, and which did make some trouble for him when he gave them forth from the pulpit. He quotes with the frank statement that the idea is unreasonable and irreligious, the more or less familiar statements of Jonathan Edwards, which run as follows:

Edwards, which run as follows:

"As Edwards said: The bigger part of men who have died heretofore have gone to hell; the whole heathen would be hopelessly doomed; against the non-elect the wrath of God is burning the furnace hot, the flames rage and glow, the devils are awaiting for their coming like lions restrained and greedy for their prey. On one page Edwards says: God holds the unconverted over the pit of hell much as one holds a spider or a loathsome insect over the fire, and 'from time to time the generations in darkened lands, without temple, without Bible, without religious tracher, are swept into the future as the housewife lifts the lids from the glowing coals and sweeps files into the flames.' And to-day one of our greatest denominations still includes that tremendous statement in its confession of faith, saying that certain men and angels are foreotained to everlasting death, these persons so doomed being particularly and unchangeably designed and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

The average orthodox Christian will be ikely to comment on this by saying, "Oh but you know nobody believes that nowadays," and the average skeptic will reply with equal promptness, "Then why don't you take it out of your creed?" Dr. Hillis hints that it is about time that

this should be done. Curiously enough, Presbyterianism has been mostly supplanted during the last hundred years in New England, which was once its stronghold, by the less dogmatic and more democratic Congregational and Baptist churches, and Jonathan Edwards is probably less known there than he is in other parts of the country. There is scarcely a New Eng-One of the most interesting chapters is land Presbyterian Church to be found outside the larger cities. The reason prob-There are also letters to ably is that when people began to think and from Agassiz, Guyot, Milne-Edwards. in real earnest about Edwards' doctrines as they must in a settled and peacefu country, they repudiated them, while else There is little said directly on the sub- where, in places where material things ocject of Dana's personal character, but the cupied the attention of pioneers and setimpression given by the whole book in thers, creeds were taken for granted and attractive. In all the letters, jour- let alone. The religion prevalent in a country is often queerly influenced by the tions with friends and acquaintances, one finds invariably the courteous, quiet, general fle-spirited man. It must not be inferred from the passage quoted concerning the trilobites that Dana was an irreligious

tressing his brain, in 1870, over problems of Presbyterian belief, which were settled by the corresponding type of New England routh about forty years before, when the Unitarian Church was formed, (New York: The Macmillan Company, \$1.50.)

A new edition of Mr. J. Gordon Coogr's "Purely Original Verse" has apneared, containing, in addition to the five hirty pages of new poems, which the author modestly assures us are "the best that he can do." He adds:

This work represents so particular class of people or section of country, but everyone who breathes the air that wayes that glorious banner, the Stars

The world is right-not when it casts a shar at men who aspire to fame.

But when it looks upon the unambitious man with eyes of blame.

The world is never likely to turn eyes f blame upon Mr. Coogler. His ambition ars like that of Icarus, or a Millerite of 12. With all due respect to his judgment however, it cannot be said that his work "represents no particular class of people or section of country." A poet need not tre the product of a certain phase of ivilization, and it is impossible to con-vive of Mr. Coogler as having grown mywhere but in the particular soil which produced him. It is significant that G. Ragsdale McClintock, author of "The Enemy Conquered; or, Love Triumphant," that idvl of Elfonzo and Ambulinia, to which Mark Twain devoted so much delighted attention, was a native of Sunlower Hill, South Carolina, while Mr. Coegler dwells in Columbia, of the same State. The two have many qualities in common. It must be confessed-with regret, perhaps, but still confessed-that this latest collection of lyrics does not ap-peal to one with quite the force of the cariler volumes. There seems to be some thing lacking. The best, perhaps, is this

TOAST TO CHAUNCEY DEPEW. Here's to the man who loves his God, And loves his country, too, Who never falten at his work, And knows just what to do.

The man of years with snowy locks Still wet with summer's dew— Here's to the honorable man of wit, Channey M. Depew.

But even here we miss the peculiarly riginal cadence of some of the author's his metres that the sound fits the sense, as in the famous passage from Virgil, de-scriptive of the galloping hoofs of horses—

"Quadrupedante putrem, sonitu quatit ungula campum." One can almost hear the feet gallop in their mad career through some of the

lines of Mr. Coogler.

It may be that, like Tennysof and other poets of world-wide fame, Mr. Coogler has come to that stage in his career where he should abandon the lyric for some ore ambitious form of work. A Cooglerian epic would be worth considerable study. (Columbia, S. C.: J. Gordon Coog-

"The Frigate Constitution," by Ira N. mous old battleship, written in a pic-turesque and interesting style. The au-thor rightly says that her history is a his-Prof. Penbody's chapter on divorce is a tory of the navy during its most critical period. The book is copiously illustrated with pictures of old-time sailing ships and portraits of the officers connected with the Constitution during her eventful career. Mr. Hollis draws a curious par-allel between the Constitution and the Monitor, pointing out that both were in a sense forlorn hopes, both left harbor just

The order to comprehend the exuitation over this victory it is necessary only to consider the state of the country, and especially the discouragement of the port from which the Constitution had sailed. The summer of 1912 had presented a gloomy outlook. Incompetence reigned on land, and the campaign against upper Canada had proved an atter fallure. General Hull's surrender on land occurred only a few days before Captain Hull's Buil's surrender on land occurred only a few days before Captain Hulls triumph on the sea. Nothing was expected of the navy. Many merchant ships were shut up in Boston, and trade was dead. The open talk of secession and the dismal prediction of disaster served only to intensify the directer served only to intensity the gloom. The appearance of the Consti-tution was like a bright gleam in the darkness. We were not absolutely impotent after all, even against the greatest sea power of the world, and, ship for ship, we had nothing to fear. The charm was broken. Here was something overwhich all. The charm was broken. Here was something over which all sections allke dd releice, in which all parties id unite, and which belonged to the ntry as a whole. It is small won-that some people seemed to have se mad.

gone mad.

"Captain Hull and his officers were received with open arms. A dinner in their honor was given at Faneuli Hall on September 5. They were marched up State Street in a procession with many of Boston's leading citizens of both p-litical parties, and thousands lined the sidewalk to see them. The repast was what the 'Palladium' called 'an excellen' dinner.' It must have been intermasable, for seventeen toasts were drunk. From these the following have been selected as an evidence of the turn given to public opinion:

opinion:
"The American Nation.—May danger from abroad ensure union at

"The American Nation—May danger from abroad ensure union at home."

"Our Infant Navy—We must nurture the young Hercules in his cradie if we mean to profit by the labors of his manhood.

"The Victory We Celebrate—An invaluable proof that we are able to defend our rights on the ocean.

"No Entangling Alliances—We have suffered the injuries and insults of despotiem with satience, but its friendship is more than we can bear."

"The surprise and gloom produced in England over the disaster to their arms was equaled only by the insulting to explain it. One English newspaper reached this conclusion: From it the theory may be drawn that a contest with the Americans is more worthy of our arms than we at first sight imagined. The Loadon Times added: It is not merely that an English frigate has been taken after what we are free to confers may be called a brave resistance, but that it has been taken by a new enemy—an enemy unaccustomed to such triumphs and likely to be rendered confident by them. He must be a weak politician who does not see how important the first triumph is in giving a tone and character to the war." When other victories followed the despair of the British nation over the loss of a few ships was pitiful. They simply could not understand that they were fightling against people of the same blood and sea traditions, who had acquired extraordinary readiness and resource by nearly two centuries of warfare against the wilderness. Their newspapers and even their naval historian, James. could not find words vile enough to describe us, and reference to our frigates as 'manned by a handful of bastards and outlawa' seemed to express their measure of contempt."

But little space is naturally devoted to the career of "Old ironsides" after the

But little space is naturally devoted to the career of "Old Ironsides" after the close of the war of 1812, and her active period of service. One falls to see why Mr. Hollis should declare her last work, that of suppressing the slave trade, "an inglorious task." It may have been a fight against inglorious antagonists, but there was certainly nothing particularly ignoble in the business itself. (Boston Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.)

"General Meade," by Isaac R. Pennyacker, is the latest volume in the "Great Commanders" series. It is illustrated with maps, and particular attention is devoted, of course, to the military element in the biography. The details of Meade's campaigns are carefully explain-other novels; if he describes certain facts ed and recorded, such comparatively little in unequivocal terms, it is because he attention is given to his personal history believes in calling spades spades when and character. The general tone of the work is inudatory, and the author seems anxious to prove that Meade has been robbed of some of his glory by generals town gathered around a foundry, out of whose work was more spectacular and picturesque, and that he did a great deal

for which he has gotten no credit. In a young capitalist, a disciple of Fourier, support of this position he quotes Ge Andrew A. Humphreys as maying:

Andrew A. Humphreys as maying:

"After a careful examination of the subject. I am led to the conclusion that Meade at Gettysburg had a more difficult task than Wellington at Waterloo, and performed it equally well, although he had no Blucher to turn the scale in his favor. Wellington, for his services in Portugal and Spain, had been raised through every grade of the British peerage to its highest rank, and Parliament had voted him large sums of money to enable him to live in a manner corresponding to his position. In Waterloo, there was no additional rank in the peerage to give him, but Parliament voted two hundred thousand pounds sterling—about a million dollars. The whole sum thus hestowed amounted to nearly four million dollars. Mende, who was a promoted to the rank of brigadier general in the Regular Army, and was gratified at this mark of approval." Again, the author says:

"Referring to the unjust and Inexact "Referring to the unjust and Inexact distributions of public praise for those who serve the United States of America, General Hunt said: 'God Almighty abbors unequal weights and balances, but the American people seem to love them.' But surely it would be an impugament of the intelligence of that people to assume that they will permanently cause to measure such extraordinary services as General Meade rendered in their behalf at anything less than their true value. Then, to borrow the words used by Boker in the conclusion of his charming address at the unveiling of the Meade equestrian statue in Philadelphia:

conclusion of his charming address at the unveiling of the Meade equestrian statue in Philadeiphia:

"Let us withdraw as men hereafter will withdraw with the muse of history, from the lands over which we have tolied so perplexedly, and from the distance view the contour of the country out of which the details have vanished and of which the prominent characteristics alone remain. Then we shall see before us a region, mountainous and bewildering indeed, but overlooked and dominated by a few lofty peaks, to which men shall give unforgotten names, and upon whose summits the sun of truth shall linger long after the subject lands lie in darkness and oblivion. Even so will it be with the few great names that, in the lapse of endless time, will survive and keep alive the memory of our civil war, and among them one of the highest, the purest, the most symmetrical, and the most illustrious will be that of George Gordon Meade."

One of the interesting features of the

One of the interesting features of the book is a fac simile of a relief map of the field of Gettysburg, reproduced in a halftone. It gives the reader a better idea of ordinary maps. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

Somebody really ought to undertake the painful task of convincing Mr. Frank T. Bullen that he wrote himself out wher he finished "The Cruise of the Cachalot." He has now come into view with two more books, "A Sack of Shakings" and "With Christ at Sea." The latter book. as it is the worst, shound be taken first. It is described in the sub-title as "A Personal Record of Religious Experiences on Board Ship for Fifteen Years." Undoubtedly a man may have a great many religious experiences on board ship in that length of time, but whether they would be worth recording or not depends largely on the man. The chances are that if they were, the man would not be the kind of man to make them public. This particular book is an example of the truth of the observation. The trouble with the author seems to be that, like the monkeys collected by Kipling's German friend, he 'haf too much Ego in his Cosmos."

The place where a sense of humor ought to be in this gentleman's make up seems to be represented by a large otherwise one would scarcely find him quoting with gravity the assurances before a change of orders arrived, and loth achieved great and unexpected victories. The effect of the destruction of the Guerriere is thus described:

and quoting with gravity the assurances of a shipmate that seasickness is a means of grace, because "whom the Lord loveth to chasteneth." nor would be quote as an example of Christian resignation that same shipmate's behavior in saying "Thank God!" when he stubbed his toe. Most people will be inclined to agree with the opinion of a Jewish gentleman quoted on one of the last pages, who told what he thought of Mr. Builen quite freely, in language more plain than polite. (New language more plain than polite. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. \$1.50.)

Mr. Bullen has two styles. In "A Sack of Shakings' he has recourse to his other style, that of fine writing. He uses long words here and describes all the details of objects seen during voyages to the does this he is really interesting, not because of his style, but his subject. There are two horror stories in the book, "The Calling of Captain Ramirez" and "Be neath the Surface," which prove his ability to tell a regular sailor's yarn; there is much interesting information about the habits and traditions of sailors, and there are recorded numerous more or less amusing incidents which took place on shipboard within his remembrance. One chapter is devoted to the superstitions of the sea, and perhaps the queerest of these is the one alleged to be connected with the Finnish sailors. The author SHYE"

"In British, American, and Scandinavian vessels Finns are always credited with characteristics which a century ago would have involved them in many unpleasantnesses. Chiefly harmiess, no doubt, these weird powers, yet when your stelled shipmate is firmly believed to control the winds so masterfully as to supply his favored friends with a quartering breeze while all the rest of the surrounding vessels have a dead muzzler, any affection you may have had for him is seriously liable to degenerate into fear. It is all the rest of the surrounding vessels have a dead muzzler, any affection you may have had for him is seriously liable to degenerate into fear. It is perhaps hardly necessary to state that from whatever the original idea of Flimish necromancy originally arose, a whole host of legends have grown up, many of them too trivial for print, some delightfully quaint, others no less original than lewi but all evidently grafts of fancy upon some parent stock. Thus, while there is a rat in the ship no Finn was ever known to less anything, because it is well known that any rat in the full possession of his faculties would be only too grad to wait upon the humblest Finn. And the reason why Finns are always fat is because they have only to go and stick their knives in the foremast to effect a total change in their meat to whatever they fancy most keenly at the time. It is well that they are mostly temperate men, since everybody knows that they can draw any liquor they like from the water breaker by turning their cap round, and they never write letters home because the birds that hover round the ship are proud to bear their messages whithersoever they list. The catalogue of their privileges might be greatly extended, were it needful, but one thing always strikes an unblased observerthe Finn is almost without exception one of the humblest, quetest of sentarers, whose sole alm is to do what he is told as well as he can, to give as little trouble as possible, and when any post of responsibility is given him to show his appreciation of it by doing two men's work, filling up his leisure by devising schemes whereby he can do more."

Altogether, when the author draws upon what he has geen and heard and keens Altogether, when the author draws upon

what he has geen and heard and keeps way from what he has felt and thought, he is exceedingly satisfactory. (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.)

"Labor," by M. Emile Zola, is the latest and, in some ways, one of the greatest of the works of this prolific author. There are some people in this country who will be scared at the very mention of Zola's name, and others who will be attracted by it for rensons not entirely creditable to themselves; but it may be said be-forehand that there is very little reason

they are in common use.

The scene of "Labor," or "Travail," to

who attempts to bring out of the incon-ceivably degraded and brutal conditions of the place in which he finds himself something like order and peace, by the establishment of an industrial comm In this he is aided by the heroine, Josine a poor little waif of a woman, brutally treated by a workman with whom she is living at the outset of the experiment. Her character is one of the happiest, in the artistic sense of the word, ever drawn by M. Zola. She is exquisitely feminine

and refined despite her rough surroundings, and her gentleness, affection, and loyalty are enough to make the book worth reading if there were nothing else in it. But it is a book with a purpose, and the purpose is the discussion of the labor problem in France. There is considerable socialism in it, and the denoue-ment somehow seems somewhat flat; perhaps because it is rather paradisacal, and reformers do not usually get their paradise in this world. (New York: Har-

"The Releaguered Forest," by Elia W. Peattie, is a novel whose scene is laid in the forest of a northwestern State, in a lonesome lumber camp. The hero is the owner of the camp, and a victim of the opium habit; the heroine is a wild and picturesque personality with a flavor about as distinct as that of olives. She tional, and yellow eyes, which are anything but that; she is given to dancing serpentine dances around camp fires and apostrophizing trees and hugging them; she makes a marriage of convenience and supports the consequences with admira-ble philosophy. It is a weird tale. The thing that saves it from utter nov-

elty is the inevitable appearance of the Other Man. Of course he comes upon the scene in due time, and is at hand to take charge of the heroine when her husband is conveniently taken out of the way. lumbermen, skillfully sketched in, and the rest is moonshine and spooks and moods and the primeval forest. It is not very much more cheerful for the reader than for the heroine, and while yellow eyes may discern some comforting things in an atmosphere of this kind, which will pre-vent the owner from going crazy or eloping with the Other Man, the average er has eyes of another color, and does not admire the orbs of the heroine as much as she herself apparently does. One is never allowed to forget those eyes for a minute—the young lady herself tells the story—and when the centre of the stage is not taken by a wood-nymph roil-ing over and over in the pine needles, it is occupied by a Maenad in a green gown with a train, whirling in the dance under the light of the moon. In short, this heroine may be interesting as a 200 logical specimen, but not as a person to live with. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)

Literary Notes.

McClure, Phillips & Co. last year sent two men of wide experience to Germany to select and observe such characteristic phases of German life and dally activity phases of German life and dally activity as would be most likely to interest "stay at homes" in this country. Their ob-servations have been described by Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, and fully illustrat-ed by George Varian, and will be pub-lished in a volume. The topics include such as "The Making of a German Soi-dier," "A German Professor at Work" (Hacckel), "The German Workshop," etc.

The "London Chronicle" says: The "London Chronicle" says:

On the Continent, especially in France, the name of Dmitri Merejkowski is well known, but hitherto none of his novels has been translated into English. Messrs. Constable, however, are now about to introduce him to the reading public in Great Britain with his romance, "The Beath of the Gods," a story which deals with the career of the Roman Emperor Julian the Apostate, who in the fourth century sought to revive the worship of the Olympians after Christianity had been adopted by Constantine the Great as the official religion of the Roman Empire. The work has been translated by Mr. Herbert Trench, a talented Oxford scholar, who has written as a preface an "appreciation" of the most interesting, and powerful of the younger Russian novelists.

Imitr' Merejkowski made his first appearance in literary life as a translator of Aeschylus and Schoeles Level 1997.

Dmitri Merejkowski made his first appearance in literary life as a translator of Aeschylus and Sophocles. Later, the Gnostics, the Fathers of the Eastern Church, the Greek sophiats, were the young poet's objects of study. Thus was born the romance of "The Beath of the Gods," which he has continued later in "The Resurrection of the Gods" (of which Leonardo da Vinci is the hero), and completed by "Anti-Christ," portraying the savage figure of Peter the Great, Mr. Trench points out that before writing the first of these Merejkowski traveled through Asia Minor and Greece, visited Constantinople and Svria, and "gathered everywhere living impressions to serve his art and his thought."

McClure, Phillips & Co., who last year published Richard Mansfield's acting ver-sion of "King Henry V," and later E. H. Sothern's of "Hamlet," intend to con-tinue the series with Sir Henry Irving's version of "Corlolanus," as used in his recent production of the tragedy in Lon-

of Blent," is on the eve of publication in book form, but the exact date of its ap-pearance here is still withheld.

"The Whirligig," forthcoming from the press of Longmans, Green & Co., is said to be a modern romance of the "Zenda" type, with an abundance of quick move-ment. It is by Mayne Lindsay.

Among the publications which are expected to reach us from the other side of the Atlantic about Christmas time will be an edition de luxe of the works of Charles Kingsley. A good edition of his novels, the Eversiey edition, was brought out some years ago; but the idea of print-ing Kingsley in specially sumptuous form is a new one.

The "Critic" says:

While in Poland recently Mr. Jeremiah Cretin visited Signkiesicz at his summer home in the Corpothian Mountains. There he sund the novel-ist hard at work upon a new nevel, not the sequel to "Quo Vadis" that we were led to expect, for he has put that out of his mind, being more interested in another subject. The new story deals with Jan Sobieski, the famous Polish patriot, who plans a small part in the first chapters of "Pan Michael." This story will not be as long as "Quo Vadis;" indeed, for Sienkiewicz it will be comparatively short, running to about one hundred thousand words. It will be finished in the winter when the author will begin what be considers the great work of his life; a series of movels dealing with the life of Napoleon. Each book will be a complete story in itself, but the same characters will run through the entire series. Napoleon being the hero of each volume. Sienkiewicz has been collecting material for this series for many years. Some of the most valuable of it he received from a relative who fought under Napoleon in some of his most famous battles. With the pen of Sienkiewicz ariting of a career as romantic as that of Napoleon, we may expect a scrice of novels such as it will be hard to equal. The "Critte" says:

The Lothrop Publishing Company, of Boston, has just published a new novel by Mrs. Burton Harrison, the romance of an American man and an Italian woman. The scene is laid in the Dolomites. It is called "A Princess of the Hills."

The first English edition of Mr. Kip ling's "Kim" will run to fifty thousand copies. The first American edition will copies. The first American edition will be between fifty thousand and one hunred thousand copies. That word "between" may mean anything when the
time comes, fifty-one thousand or ninetynine thousand, but there is every probability that the circulation of the book will
be far wider here than in England. The
personal popularity of Kipling in his own
country remains undiminished, yet for
some occult reason he appears to be read
there less wilely than in the United
States. His trans-Atlantic admirers will
have an opportuity to show the faith that
is in them in a very substantial manner
when the portfolio of Mr. Strang's etchfings, illustrating scenes from his writings, is published next winter. It will
cost something over \$25 a copy.

R. H. Russell is publishing this week a portfollo of pictures by F. T. Richards entitled "The Royal Game of Golf." It contains seven spiritedly drawn hand col-ored prints of single figures in old-time costumes engaged in playing the game.
The costumes for which Mr. Richards is said to have made careful historical study, are those of the reigns of Mary Stuart, Charles I, James II, Queen Anne, George III, and the early Victorian period.

CURRENT VERSE

A Venetian Garden. the palace and the water-wall

Scale country free-tops—green scalarers all-And country flowers blow
And country flowers blow
And country flowers blow
And country flowers blow
And country flowers blow
That Spring could never know
That Spring could never know
That Ione, far-drifted garden-plot to find
Among dark palaces and windings blind
Where only sea-things go.

Tall-pointed windows overlook a court
Where statues pose, with grave heroic port.
Thence opens, arrow-straight,
A green sun-aphabed perspective, framed in vine,
And at the end-where chancing waters shine—
The Gothic water-gate.
And close against the wall the dusky green
of ancient by hangs its bitmished screen,
And desorters were

And one side, havender-fringed afleys run—With sudden, winding pauses—in the sun From spangled hed to bed; And royal roses of untique descent Magnificently flaunt their splender, hlent Of shell-glooms, white and red, And midway, hung with scented moons, stands A great magnolia, planted once by hands That centuries are dead.

And one side wander unsuspected ways
Past Opresses and through a langled maze
Where scarce the smilight creeps;
And marble benches latter tinder trees
That nummr world-old serves to a breeze
Some hidden jasmine steeps;
And happy Cupid, reckless of Time's doom
An armless Peyche in that gentic gloom
Heart-close forever keeps.

But best I love the little belvedere—
Wall-set among the locust blooms that peer
Above the waterway—
Whence one might listen to the music low
On sea-changed marbles of the tides below
An endless summer day;
Or watch the sunken stars dawn swaying deep
Between the shadow-palaces asleep
In haunting twilights grey.

Oh, centuries of suns in that green close
From deay had to fragrance-waated rose
Have kissed light petals free!
And centuries of moons have woven pale
Their weird enchantment in the dreamy veil
Of pergola and tree!
And centuries of passions deep have writ
With sense of meanings tragic-exquisite
That garden by the sea!
—H. G. Dwight, in the Ceptury Magazine.

Darkness and Dawn. As seamen from a distant land Lean silent on a vessel's side, Shading their eyes with sumburnt hand As slowly drifting with the tide,

Turn soft eyes as they dimly trace The smoke rise from the roofs of home; Whilst sheer across the ocean waste The sinking sun lit up the foam;

When dropped the dark, uprose the breeze, And they the fitful duties plied; When morning dawned, the curling seas Had rolled them to the harbor side;

So, oft in life a vision falls, Dream-born athwart the ways of men, Of summer lands and golden halls Transcendent in their beauty—then Falls down the dark of mind distrest; Yet vaguely trust they in the hope That, through the doom of darkness blegt, They with their omens ill may cope.

When morrow's dawning comes, they find All golden is the land around. Darkness had fallen, but night's wind Wafted them to their Dreamland's ground. -Robert W. Butters, in Chamber's Journal.

Until Tomorrow. O heart! be patient yet a while—
Until tomorrow.

Push back the curtains of the night,
That hide from thy draponding sight
The stars which look with friendly light
From out the blackness of thy grief—
Until tomorrow.

O soul! be patient yet a while-Until tomorrow. Until tomorrow.

Lift silent lips and trusting eyes.

And hands of faith to darkened skies;

Somewhere—some time—the sun will rise;

Be patient till the morning breaks—

Until tomorrow.

Virginia L. Bonsall, in the New Orleans Times

Democrat.

We met them on the common way; They passed and gave no sign— The heroes that had lost the day, The failure, half divine.

Ranged in a quiet place we see Their mighty ranks contain Figures too great for victory, Hearts too unspoiled for gain,

Here are earth's splendid failures, come From glorious foughten fields; Some bear the wounds of combat, some Are prone upon their shields.

To us, that still do battle here,
If we in aught prevail,
Grant God, a triumph not too dear Or strength, like theirs, to fail

Banished and forlors, I dwell
By the outer towers.
Listening to the passing bell
Of the dying hours.
All the night long while I keep
Vigil by the gates of sleep.
—Edward Wright, in Literature. The Climber.

The Climber.

How should be know, who hish not won Sure victories from sam to sun—
How can be know, who hath not tried The peril of the mountain-side, what strength of arm is hls-what scal in combat with the brave to deal? What process and what skill be hath To find his footing on the path—To cling, and cling, and always keep His hold of faith along the steep? Who tries is also tried. "Who dares To scale the beights, their danger shares. But on the cliff's uneven-face. He finds each day a higher place. His strength expands; he thrills to know How broad the breathing places grow; And every hour some gain is found, Some view from wider vantage ground.—Frank Walcott Hutt, in The Chautauquan

Death.

The summons to the great unknown, The secret ours; The harcest of what life has sown, The giving back of God's great loan, 'Mid tears and flowers.

The last step on earth's toilsome way, The vale between Life's stretch of vague, alluring day And the unseen.

The sudden passing of the light,
The mystery—
The strange, swift falling of the night,
The boly caim, the spirit's flight,
Eternity.
Miriam Ormende Smallwood, in the Bostor

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Will you tell the birthplaces of Rear Admirals Sampson and Schley? Palmyra, N. Y., and Frederick county, Md., respectively.

Who composed "Cavalleria Rusticana," and It was composed by Pietro Mascagni in

What is the home address of Senator Till-J. A. R. Trenton, S. C., Does Col. John S. Mosby hold a Government RALPH.

Yes. He was recently appointed a special agent of the General Land Office. Where did John McCullough die? 2. Did be less his mind just previous to his death? 3. Where was he born? 4. How old was he when he died?

In an asylum for the insane at Philadel-phia, 2 Yes. 3. In Coleraine, Ireland, 4. Forty-eight.

Forty-eight.

Where is the battleship Georgia being built?

What is her displacement? 3. How many guns will she carry in her main battery?

SAILOR.

At the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me. 2. Fifteen thousand tons. 2 Twenty-four. How did the word "Dugo" originate? J. A. W. It originated with American sallors, who, finding that Santiago, San Diego, lago, and Diego were oft recurring vocables in Spanish America, dubbed natives of these countries Dago men or Diegos.

Who is United States Minister to Haiti? 2. Is the Argentine Republic dominated by negroes? 3. What is the population of Buenos Ayres? C. K. R. William F. Powell. 2. No: negroes constitute a very small percentage of the population. 3. By the census of 1895 it was 563.554.

Who said; "We beat them or Molly Stark's a Tradition credits an exclamation to this effect to Gen. John Stark, a sterling patriot of the Revolution, in urging his men at the battle of Bennington. But tradition is often wrong and may be in this case, for Mrs. Stark's name was Elizabeth.

Can you give statistics of farm laborers' wages in England, especially the western and southern counties? D. D. H.

The average weekly wage for these counties for 1900 was 18 shillings, about midway between the highest and lowest by counties for the United Kingdom. In the past four years it had increased approximately seven pence per week per Who are the rear admirals on the active list of the navy? S. A. L.

of the navy?

John A. Howell, George C. Remey, Norman H. Parquhar, John C. Watson, Winfield S. Schlev, Silas Casey, William T. Sampson, Bartlett J. Cromwell, Francis J. Higginson, Frederick Rodgers, Louis Kempff, George W. Sumner, Albert S., Barker, Charles S. Cotton, Robley D. Evans, Silas W. Terry, Merrill Miller, John J. Read, Henry C. Taylor, Mortimer L. Johnson, and Edwin M. Shepard. When was the battle of Rorke's Drift, Zulu-land, at which the Twenty-fourth Infantry, a Welsh regiment, was wiped out of existence, fought? 2. Who was to blame for the disaster? Was there any lack of courage on the part of the men who composed the regiment? R. P.

the men who composed the regiment? R. P.
This affair lasted during the night of
January 22-23, 1879, and only one company
of the Twenty-fourth was engaged. Their
loss was 12 men out of 80, the Zulu loss
being estimated to be 2,600. On the previous day, at Isandula, four companies
of this regiment and a native contingent
had been practically annihilated. 2. Lord
Chelmsford was in general command. The
men were brave enough, but at Isandula
were hopelessly overpowered by numbers. What is the address of Thomas A. Edison?
2. What course should one pursue to protect an idea or improvement on an article already patented, and now in public use, the idea not being an improvement on the article itself, but a use to which it may be, but is not now, applied?

W. G. A.

w. G. A.
West Orange, N. J. 2. We can only
state that the patent laws are not likely
to assist you. The mere conception of an
idea is not patentable, nor is a new use
of an old thing, the law holding, in the
latter case, 1922 when an invention is
made its author is entitled to all its attributes, whither discovered by him or
by another subsequently to his invention.

Is any deep drilled well called an artesian J. E. R.

Yes, even though a pump is necessary to bring the water to the surface, though strictly an artesian well is a flowing or spouting bored well, the word coming from the former French province of Artois, where these wells originated. Will you give a short sketch of Perry's expedition to Japan in 1883? M. A. B.

Or strength, like theirs, 65 fail.

—Century Magazine.

By Summer Waters.

Loafing by the summer waters at the closing of the dax—
Scents and colors that are pleasing—over all the twilight grey;
Withered shells of last year's walnuts that about me scattered lie.

Seem the skulls of fairy warriors slain in battles long gone by;
The green heron, like a corsait, hovers where the rippies flow;
Still belated bees are humming where the elder blossoms glow;
But all tumult waxes fainter—borne to regions far away—

But all tumult waxes fainter—borne to regions far areay—

But all tumult waxes fainter—borne to regions far areay—

But all tumult waxes fainter—borne to regions far areay—

But all tumult waxes fainter—borne to regions far areay—

But all tumult waxes fainter—borne to regions far areay—

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But all tumult waxes fainter—borne to regions far areay—

But all tumult waxes fainter—borne to regions far areay—

But all tumult waxes fainter—borne to regions far areay—

But all tumult waxes faint

Some the sees for maning was the closing of the all tunnult waxes fainter—borne to regions far away—
As I loaf by summer waters at the closing of the day.

Elms and beeches wave above me, yet before my drowny view
(Lioud-cathedrals shine cut whitely through the gateways of the blue;
In the peace that wraps all nature as her foliage of green,
Doubt is listless and ambition is a worry that has been;
The forgotten are remembered, as the hour seems,
nearing fast
When life's final curfew rings me to put out the lights at last—
And I feel so near to heaven that I can hear the harpers play,
As I loaf by summer waters at the closing of the day,
—Will T. Hale, in the New York Times.

A Song.

In the fairyland of sleep,
Where the crooning streams
Shine in many a savey sweep
Round the hill of dreams,
Comes the world to wander when Night unlocks the gate to men.

They that sorrow, they that go Softly in their mirth,
As the light is wearing low
Werry of the earth,
And life children hand in hand,
Enter into fairyland.

All the phantoms of the day Vanish with the sun.
Swit as senoke that melts away
When the fame is done;
In their stead in gay attire,
Shine the shapes of heurt's desire.

Banished and forlem, I dwell

Was a catsulate to make a special to make the most friendly approaches, not to use violence unless attended to make the most friendly approaches, not to use violence, ent to the Japanese Government, and the most friendly approaches, not to use violence ents of the most friendly approaches, not to use violence and the most friendly approaches, not to base ordered to make the most friendly approaches, not to make the most friendly approaches, not to base ordered to make the most friendly approaches, not to make the most friendly approaches, not to base ordered to make the most friendly approaches, not to make the lights at was a could be fremembered.

Will you give the motto and flower adopted by each State?

Not all States have a motto, and few have a State flower by legislating emachment, most of the flowers in the following list having been chosen by ballot among school children: Alaboma's motto is "Here we rest," her flower the goldenrod; Arkansaa, "Merey justice, regnat popoli; Callfornin, "Earreka," the California poppy, Colorado, "Nil sine numine," columbine; Connecticut, "Quitranstulit sustinet;" Delaware, "Liberty and independence," peach blossom, Florida, "in God is our trust;" Georgia, "Wisdom, Justice, maderation:" idaho, "Salve," syringa; Illinois, "National union, State sovereignty;" Iowa, "Our 'liberties we prize and our rights we will maintain," wild rose, Kansas, "Ad astra peraspera;" Kentucky, "United we stand, divided we fall: Louisiana, "Union, justice, and confidence," magnolia; Maine, "Dirigo, "pine cone and tassel; Maryland, "Fatti mrschil parole femine: Massachusetts, "Euse petit placidam sub libertate quietem; "Michgan," Si quaeris peninsulam amaenam circumspice," apple blossom; Minnesota, "L'etolie du nord," moccasia, Missourt, "Salus populi suprema lex esto," goldenrod; Montana, "Oro y plata," bitter root, Nebraska, "Equality before the law, "goldenrod, Nevada, "All for our country." New Jersey, sugar maple; New York, "Excelsior," rose; North Dakota, "Liberty and unfon one and inseparable now and forever, wiid rose; Oregon, "The Union, Oregon grape, Pennsylvania, "Both can't survive;" Rhode Island, "Hope, vioiet, Seuin Carolina, "Animis opibusque parati;" South Dakota, "Under God the people rule." Teanessee, "Agriculture, commerce, "Litan, Sago Hly; Vermont, "Freedom and unity, red clover; Virginia, "Ste semper tyrannis;" Washington, "Al-ki, ribsdodendron; West Virginia, "Ste semper tyrannis;" Washington, "Al-ki, ribsdodendron; West Virginia, "Ste semper tyrannis;" Washington, "Al-ki, ribsdodendron; West Virginia, "Ste semper tyrannis;" Washington, "Ste semper tyrannis;" Washington, "Al-ki, ribsdodendron; West Virginia, "Ste semper Will you give the motto and flower adopted by each State? MRS. X. Y. G.